

On Getting Out The Vote: A New Student Legislature

Get-out-and-vote editorials are always hard to write. They are always the same thing, and they always do practically nothing to get out the vote.

But there's something else, another reason there should be an editorial today urging students to vote:

The Student Legislature, part of which will be elected in campus-wide elections today, needs rebuilding.

The people in the Student Legislature, besides neglecting their duties with consistency, have turned out remarkable little useful legislation so far this year.

They have concerned themselves with pitiful resolutions urging this and that; they have not attacked many of the University's basic problems, such as housing, freedom of thought, freedom from oppression from over-powerful administrators, the absence regulations, the problem of prices downtown, the problem of scholarships and student aid and the down-to-earth problems of the man in the Lower Quad who is lonely and who looks to his fellows for help.

No, they have taken too much of their time up with petty political arguments and attempts to look smart to each other; they have had difficulty seeing beyond their eyelids.

They have shown their apathy toward their offices of trust by not showing up for committee meetings with consistency.

They have shown their apparent inability to deal intelligently with a student budget that equals that of many small corporations. In this, too, they have shown extreme pettiness.

They have a good student body president, the best one in at least four years, but he alone cannot make student government good.

Why, then, is the Student Legislature in such a bad condition? One answer is the youthfulness

of its members. While we have no grudge whatsoever against freshmen or sophomores, we seriously doubt that they understand the problems of this university as do juniors and seniors.

A great many of the members of the Student Legislature are in their first two years here. They receive advice from older students, who, while not members of the legislature, sit back as sort of elder statesmen and direct the affairs of student government.

If this is so, the elected representatives of the students of this university are not representative.

Another answer lies in the student body. We suspect that it doesn't care very much what its student legislature does each Thursday night.

In years past the Student Legislature has somewhat remedied this situation by buying television sets and washing machines for men's and women's dormitories. But they did so with money the students paid in block fees, and the money soon ran out, so the students forgot again about their legislature.

It is apathy, an often overworked but choice word, that is partly to blame for the present sad condition of the Student Legislature.

Just what can be done about it we do not know, but we are pretty certain a closer relation between representative and constituents would work small wonders.

So, vote today.

You'll have trouble deciding whom to vote for, because very few candidates have platforms; they do have pretty posters, though. But we suggest you vote for those people who appear to be mature enough to handle the student activities budget, who look as if they'll attend the meetings they promise to attend, who think and see slightly beyond their eyelids.

If that sort of people could be elected today, it would be a wonderful—if unprecedented—Student Legislature.

OXFORD LETTER:

The Dreaming Spires: Disturbed

Ed Yoder

Yoder, who last year was co-editor of *The Daily Tar Heel*, is now a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, England. He wrote this last week, when Sir Anthony Eden's position in the British government appeared unstable.

OXFORD, England — My tenure here as an alien is yet short, but long enough already to convince me that Matthew Arnold had in mind the dreams of age when he wrote of Oxford's "dreaming spires."

When we arrived, they were dreaming; but, this week's gusts of world politics have disturbed those dreams, and whether another week or another world war will come before they dream in peace again, no one knows.

The Eastern Europe and Middle East crises, have broken the sanctity of every Oxford function this week—even the venerable tutorial between don and student. The words of my economics tutor were blunt today, as I strolled into his rooms for a pitched battle over the weekly essay:

"Never again," he muttered.

"Never again?" I asked.

"Never again Tory," he said,

shaking his *Manchester Guardian* in emphasis. "Next time I'll even vote Labor before Tory."

Except for a staunch and considerable school of old Tories, who don't mind affirming their tried belief in the principles of Realpolitik, the sentiments of the economics tutor seem to be typical of two-thirds of the dons and students here toward Eden's action in the Middle East.

The division of opinion here matches in bitterness, surpasses in conciseness, the division President Truman raised in the United States five years ago when he handed papers to Gen. McArthur.

It is embarrassing to confront the English here. Each one of them has a pitiful aspect of apology and embarrassment about Eden that seems to defy comforting. I have tried to explain my feeling that perhaps the hands of the United States, even now, are hardly stainless in what has happened.

But those protestations have a hollow sound. Most people think you're just being nice.

All this carries with it a certain justice. In the morals of politics, the English josh Americans good-naturedly but with a marked smugness about Diplomacy a la Dulles. Just 10 days ago, the English could fuss in good countenance about the way U. S. Secretary of State Dulles had compromised the West's moral position and strained the Anglo-American alliance.

Now, in the turbulent passage of less than a week, the ground has quaked and rolled away beneath their feet. Eden's ultimatum to Israel and Egypt—and its sudden coincidence with the suppression of Hungarian rebels under Russian tank-treads—has dropped the sense of political sin over the British.

NOT SITTING
But the students and dons

aren't by a long shot sitting by.

The complexion of Oxford has changed over one week from its unbelievable detachment to a sizzling anger. It has not been unusual in the past three days to set eyes upon a long-haired don, carrying books and papers oddly askew under one arm and a fluttering petition against the government under the other, hastening from study to study for signatures.

As for the students:

The quads are barren of robed

The demonstrators carried placards: "Law, not War." "Obey the Charter." "United Nations First." "Oxford Students for Peace." Over a grotesque caricature of Eden's familiar aquiline face, mustache drooping, uneven black letters questioned: "Is This Face Worth It?"

THE ROMANS

The demonstration carried up ancient Broad St. It coursed past the rain and wind-eroded bursts of the Roman emperors who keep vigil over the street: Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Domi-

Conservatives in the entourage had drowned them out.

The noise dropped as the procession stopped and the joiners suddenly realized they were being watched by bystanders. A feeble attempt was made at an anti-Eden speech, and two students fought over the British flag, one lowering it to half point on the stick mast—to thunderous cheers—the other trying vainly to seize the stick and push the flag up again.

A half-hearted chant—"Sack Eden!"—was tried, but it failed. The milling stopped; the students

Parting The Sea



figures today. At 11 a.m. a streetful of students assembled at the Martyr's Memorial on St. Giles St. and took a fast train to London to demonstrate before No. 10 Downing St.

Ten days ago, just before "Eden's Folly Day," as an Englishman described it to me, two Balliol students flew across the Iron Curtain into Hungary to be stretcher bearers; at last report, they had been:

1. Imprisoned by the counter-revolutionaries.
2. Officially "sent down" (That's English for ((expulsion)) from Oxford.

As I stepped from the gate of New College just last week, shouts and the strains of "Britannia Rule the Waves" heralded a marching throng of 1,000 up Holywell St.

tion—they all sullenly watched, if not through reflecting eyes, through dark, hollow sockets.

The eroding elements of years, and the imagination of an undergraduate lend them a peculiarly tired visage; it is as if they say, with a half-sneer: "We saw this all in our time."

The demonstrators rounded the corner from Broad St. to St. Giles. As they marched toward the Martyr's Memorial, across the very point where Archbishop Cranmer was burnt for his heresy against the Pope, a band of staunch pro-Government students had gained the memorial steps.

"We want war! We want war!" they chanted.

But a chorus of hoots and another bar or two of "Britannia Rule the Waves" from the prancing rebels and the disillusioned

dispersed. And the melancholy statue of St. John the Baptist on the portal of the college across the street took up the sad vigil the emperors' sneers had lost.

Tonight, by strange conjunction of destinies, is Guy Fawkes night. Guy Fawkes was the most unfortunate royalist in English history—it was he who was found guarding the kegs of powder which, by the Gunpowder Plot, were hauled beneath the House of Commons to blow British parliamentary government beyond Mars.

It is a strange conjunction of destinies—as if we haven't had enough of those this week. It is like the Fourth of July back home in Mebane, except that street crowds are restless and edgy, and the fireworks popping minute by minute have, tonight, a strangely portentous sound.

The Revolt On Conformity

Jerry Brady

In *The Notre Dame Scholastic*

On Friday I picked up the Scholastic and wandered aimlessly through its variety until I reined up at the picture of a rain-coated character studying in front of that paragon of styling: Gilbert's On the Campus Shoppe for Distinguished Men.

Over his head was the title of the article: "The Ivy Look For This Fall" which was written with the help of Esquire Magazine and Gilbert's Without whose help the article would not have been possible. I was told, I mentally thanked the two contributors and went on.

On the next page two others were frolicking in the back of Gilbert's On the Campus Shoppe for Distinguished Men. Now even the well-rounded cop with the clock, a real Magoo of a man, could not have suspected those two of playing football, particularly in velveteen loafers, button-down angora tennis shoes and tear-away sweat socks.

Meanwhile another fellow was looking classic while smoking a pipe full of ivy. I believe he had a patch over his right eye, but I couldn't see for sure. Another boy, who was going upstairs, looked like he was going to a Schmirnoff ad.

This may sound like I disapprove of these Sorin subterraneans, but please believe that I have a purpose. I feel that it is my duty as a devoted reader of Christian Virtues to enlighten these men with a little grandfatherly advice.

SYMBOL

Men, look around you. Try to pick out the symbol of your age, a universal subject of admiration, the citadel of Americanism. Of course its none other than Elvis Presley, idol of hound dogs.

Now I ask you, can you see the Presley knees palpitating through neutral, pleatless, whipcord, "Natural look" touch-of-leather trousers? Or the Elvis pelvis rotating around an expandable repp belt and back-of-the-pants strap? Or those Hornung shoulders being thrown around inside a reefer neck sweater, soft shetland tweed sport coat and Chesterfield topcoat with velvet collar?

Gentlemen, in all seriousness, you must admit that you cannot.

Or can you picture Gene Vincent be-hopping with LuLu while dressed in gien plaid chevots, a challenge and a poplin all weather trench coat with striped lining? Such things would only get in the way of one's guitar.

Upon closer examination you will see these our leading citizens, are dressed in pegged pants, Italian shirts and motorcycle jackets. What about you?

And another thing, have you looked at your hair lately, J. Paul Sheedy? You might notice that these men have long, swept-back manes which gladden in the television spotlight. Does yours? Most assuredly not.

I am not imposing a new standard upon you, far from it. If you want something more functional, a switch to paratrooper style, sometime called the plowboy attire, is in order as an alternative.

This style offers two-tone field boots, khaki combat pants and not much else; all very functional. Can you Ivy Leaguers hook a slide rule on the strap in the back of pleatless pants? Sheer nonsense, since your straps are as functional as an appendix.

But the plowboy is sure to have a genuine slide rule strap as well as a pocket for hammers, collapsible measuring stick and nails.

Look this man over closely next time he's seen heading for the John F. Cushing building and try to adapt to his style. Trench coats may come and go, but corduroy and blue suede overalls are always in style.

DON'T ACT CHIPPER

Whichever style you choose be sure to add another touch that shows you're modern: don't act chipper and don't dress meticulously. You will create a much better impression if you stammer a little, throw your head back and say, "Ah, I don't know" real moody like.

Keep your eyes cast down and only come to life when someone mentions sports cars because this is being Jimmy Deanish.

Hand in hand with your new dress, you must unground your speech. I'm not going to redefine such words as "cool" or a "square with ruffles" since this is old stuff in your dictionary by this time. However next time you're standing around the Coke machine you might practice a routine like this.

First voice: "Hey, let's darink to la fool, 'cause ahm that fool thuh that tole mah baybuh goodbye."

Second voice: "Yewhew mean yewhew babybuh dungone an lef yewhew?"

First voice: "Yes, thuh wuhuh that The luhuhuhuhuvuh soho."

Second voice: "I ihit yewhew prayah that thehe ahhansir she gives ahah that end of the day may stillh be thuh sayhame for as Junhong as yewhew lihiv."

Third voice: "And haahuv yewhew ahulmost lahohst yewhuh mind?"

Fourth voice: "Yup."

The trick of this technique is, as you can see, to hitch up a little right in the middle of a word. You might also try a few tremors and a fit or two since word reaches here that they've gone over big on the cahhohst. I mean coast.

Have you got everything straight now? Remember, no more Adlai Stevenson-Princeton talk because your dungaree doli is sure to disapprove as will all her rubber-soled friends at the sweet shop on Lonley Street. While you're down there impress her by ordering a tutti-routi-au-roofi (which is French for "at the rally.")

Do you want to be stereotyped? No? Then join in the style revolution that is upon us! Students of the world unite! Yewhew have nothing to lose but your toggle toppers and pork pie hats!

Christmas: Merchant Style

Christmas is coming—according to Chapel Hill merchants.

With Halloween barely out of the way and Thanksgiving even



CHAPEL HILL'S EARLY CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

... who will throw the money changers out?

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yet in the future, there are red and green Christmas bells and Santa Claus hanging over Franklin St. This is the basest form of commercialism. And Chapel Hill merchants—the people who decide when to string up Christmas decorations—are to blame.

It is exactly 43 days until Christmas, a day that used to mark the celebration of the birth of Christ. But now, in the materialistic minds of most people, Christmas Day is a day for swapping gifts. The day after Christmas is a day for going downtown and exchanging Christmas gifts for something else.

Merchants—not just in Chapel Hill but in most other cities—are largely responsible for the present-day, materialistic approach to Christmas. They are aided and abetted by the Madison Ave. crowd, and the gullible, security-searching public helps a great deal, too.

But in Chapel Hill, where things are supposed to be different, where an academic air maintains itself while the rest of the state and world drowns in materialism, the Franklin St. boys get their tinsel up a week and a half before Thanksgiving.

And no one bats an eye. Christ, you will remember, entered the temple and drove the money changers out.

But who will cut down the paper mache Santa Claus and other reminders that Christmas is coming to Chapel Hill's stores?

No one will, and before long Christmas will have about as much significance as a fire sale.

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

L'il Abner



By Al Capp